

Eugene Colley
258 Titicus Road
North Salem, NY 10560

June 7, 2019

Dear Judge Fufidio:

Re: Sentencing of Esdras Marroquin Gomez for the murder of my wife Lois Colley

I would like to give you some of my background so you can understand where my family comes from and how much Lois meant to me.

I come from a broken home and while I lived with my mother and father they had a dysfunctional and bitter relationship and soon separated. I then had to live with my "single Mom" who had her share of issues. Dad sent us \$15 a week to live on. We waited anxiously for that check to arrive and I worked every moment of free time I had to earn 5 to 10 cents per day to give to my Mom.

My Mother, Brother and I moved to Brooklyn in the Sheephead's Bay Area. Life was tough and my Mom had many challenges. At 13 years of age I moved in with my Father and his new wife/my stepmother.

World War II broke out and as soon as I was 16 years old I volunteered for the Merchant Marines. I went to boot camp at Sheepshead Bay, and went off to war working as a "wiper" in the engine room of a liberty ship bringing war material and supplies to Europe to support the invasion. After being hurt by enemy action, in the English Channel, I was sent to General Army Hospital #116 in Cherbourg, France where the Nazi prisoners of war were assisting the American nurses who were taking care of us wounded Americans. After my initial recovery, they shipped me to Bristol, England for further treatment.

After that I was sent home and discharged, I then immediately volunteered and joined the U.S. Navy. I went to Boot Camp in Bainbridge Maryland and went back to sea at the age of 17 until World War II ended and I was honorably discharged. I went back into the Merchant Marines and went to the Pacific Ocean on a freighter, which went to Okinawa, Guam, Saipan, the Philippines and Europe and saw more of the horrible devastation and loss to both civilians and military caused by war.

When I turned 21, I received my commission in the U.S. Merchant Marines (and simultaneously in the U.S. Navy as inactive). I quit going to sea, came ashore and went back to and finished high school at night at Roosevelt High on Fordham Road in the Bronx while working a full time job during the day.

One of my jobs was on the Liberty Ship SS John Brown which was anchored in the East River across from Bellevue Hospital, where I met four nurses visiting the ship. Lois was one of those nurses. I fell in love with her immediately. When I met Lois she was 19 and by the time she was 20 we were married. I was able to go back to school at Columbia University on the G.I. Bill of Rights. Because of the great number of returning vets, there was a housing shortage after the war so, we lived in a two room furnished apartment which we shared with two complete strangers and we all shared the one bathroom. This was a big step down for Lois who had been raised in a very nice home with parents who were happily married until her Dad died.

During the first year of our marriage I worked for the NYC Board of Education in a boiler room shoveling 3 to 4 tons of coal and ½ ton of coal ash every day into the high pressure boiler.

Lois and I were a great team trying to earn enough to raise 4 wonderful sons and provide them with a happy home, good values and educations. She was my rock and ran the busy household, while I worked 2 jobs to pay for it.

What I am trying to say Your Honor, is how Lois became the love of my life, how we started out and stayed happily together for 65 years. I had two nicknames for Lois which were "love of my life" and my private nickname "honeeee". We never walked out of or into the house without saying "honeeee" or without a kiss and an embrace.

We had another rule – never go to sleep without eating humble pie and making up before we went to sleep. In 65 years I don't think we got angry at each other more than two or three times.

I am now 91 years old, despite the many horrors I witnessed as a young man and at war, the most painful and horrible thing in my life was to get that call on the way home from work on November 9th, 2015, that Lois was hurt and laying on the floor. I rushed home and saw her lying there in a pool of blood. I immediately started CPR from my Naval training. In the meantime yelling to try and get help. The blood puddle kept enlarging and I realized that the love of my life wasn't going to come back. I refused to leave her side and kept hoping and praying that by some miracle she would come back to us.

Then all the 1st responders came in. Then 5 – 6 hours later the Coroner came and did everything he does.. They had to physically restrain me to get me to leave Lois. The next task I had to face was telling my 4 sons and their families. They all started arriving to help me. The next painful task was picking out a coffin for my Lois. We decided on a beautiful, light pine coffin, reminding us of Lois' lightness and brightness and how she valued the simple things in life.

Then we had to decide if we should have an open or closed coffin. The Undertaker reminded us that the murderer had inflicted so much damage, there should not be an open coffin. We all then had the traumatic experience of examining Lois for a last time and had one more chance to say goodbye. We decided that it had to be a closed coffin and wanted to have good memories of beautiful Lois, not the destroyed face and head that was in front of us, beaten to a pulp by this ruthless, remorseless killer.

This brutal memory will never leave my sons or my minds. We will never get a second chance to enjoy life with Lois. We will never get parole from this searing painful memory. This killer should likewise never leave prison or get any parole.

We have waited almost 3 years for this day and to see justice done to this depraved murderer who killed my wonderful and innocent wife. I plead with you to give him the maximum sentence, and encourage all future parole boards to keep him in prison until the day he dies. He deserves nothing ~~more~~. *less*

With great sadness and sincerity,

Sincerely Yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'E. Colley', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Eugene Colley